

*The History of*

And our induction full of prosperous hope

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, & coosin Glendower will you sit down?  
and vncke Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

*Glen.* No, here it is, sit Coosin Percy, sit good Coosin Hot-  
spur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,  
his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sight he wisheth you  
in heauen.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendow-  
er spoke of.

*Glen.* I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie  
The front of heauen was full of fire shapes  
Of burning creillets, and at my birth  
The frame and foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward,

*Hot.* Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bin  
borne.

*Glen.* I say the earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind.  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glen.* The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your natiuitie.

Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strang eruptions, of the teeming earth  
Is with a kinde of collicke pinch and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vnruely winde

Within her wombe, which for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe  
Steeple and most growne Towers. At your birth  
Our grundam earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Coosin, of many men  
I do not beare these crossing: giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my birth  
The front of heauen was full of fire shapes,  
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards  
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

*Henry the*

These signes haue markt me ex-  
And all the courses of my life d-  
I am not in the roll of common  
Where is the liuing, clipt in wit  
That chides the banks of Engla  
Which calls me pupill, or hath re-  
And bring him out, that is but v-  
Can trace me in the tedious wa-  
And hold me pace in deepe exp-

*Hot.* I thinke there's no man  
Ile to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coosen Percy, you

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can  
But will they come, when you d-

*Glen.* Why, I can teach you co-

*Hot.* And I can teach thee coo-  
By telling truth. Tell truth and  
If thou haue power to raise him  
And Ile be sworne, I haue powe  
Oh, while you liue, tell truth and

*Mor.* Come, come, no more of

*Glen.* Three times hath Henry  
Against my power, thrice from  
And Sandy bottomde Seuerne l-  
Bootles home, and weather bea-

*Hot.* Home without bootes,  
How scapes he agues in the diu-

*Glen.* Come, here is the Map, s-  
According to our threefold ord-

*Mor.* The Arch-deacon hat  
Into three limits, very equally:  
England from Trent, and Seuer  
By South and East, is to my par  
All westward, V Vales beyond  
And all the fertile land within th  
To Owen Glendower; and dea  
The remnant Northward, lying

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